

Ferrel & Chloe H. Nelson

CHLOE HANKS NELSON

Dau of Lottie Francis, dau of William Henry Bagley.
Born: 1 Sept 1903, Charleston, Ut.
Married: 10 Oct 1926 to Ferrel A' Nelson
Father: Ephriam Knowlton Hanks
Died 10 May 1987 at Rexburg, Ida.
Children:
Ferrel Garth b 4 June 1927, Idaho Falls, Ida.
Joyce b 8 Aug 1930 at Rexburg, Ida.
Parley Keith b 11 Nov 1939 at Rexburg, Idaho

Chloe Hanks Nelson writes her own history.

I was born 1 Sept 1903, while my parents were living on Grandpa Wm. Henry's ranch in Charleston, Utah. I was the eighth child born to Ephriam Knowlton Hanks and Lottie Francis Bagley, making a total of 6 boys and 2 girls. Three of the children died shortly after birth and were buried in handmade coffins lined with soft flannel. (These three little graves are in the Charleston cemetery. I had a lovely stone marker placed there to identify the spot made sacred by those three little babies. No identification was there before. Thanks to Fred Price's help I paid for perpetual care of these graves. I take pride in visiting this neat, well kept cemetery. I believe Mother and Dad are pleased that I did so.)

When I was three of four months old, due to mother's poor health we left the high altitude there and moved to Idaho. Dec 24, 1903 we arrived at Shelley, Idaho. We moved all our belongings by freight train. It was a bitter cold ride for Ed and Frank, my two oldest brothers. There was no money for the tickets to ride on the passenger train, so they rode in the freight car.

Dad rented a small farm in Taylor just east of Shelley. Our first winter was hard. We children were ill most of the winter. Mother still not well enough to assume full care of the family, was helped by good neighbors who responded with much kind help.

During the following summer I tried to crawl across a single pole bridge across Sand Creek which was near our house and fell in. Mother saw me tumble in and rescued me.

Mother told us that about the only real good luck they had that year, was when the two pigs they owned gave birth to a litter of thirteen little pigs each, and they lived...quite a boost-twenty-six little pigs.

Dad bought a small farm of approximately 50 acres just west of Shelley. I do not remember the move. My first memory there was by sister, Lela's birth 6 Feb 1908. I didn't even know she was expected. Talking about child birth and pregnancy in those days just wasn't done. I do recall how happy I was to have a baby sister.

Our house consisted of just two rooms. More rooms were added later. This was their home until after my father's death. What a thrill when electicity was added. One naked light globe hung from the ceiling by a single cord. No more smoked coal oil lamp globes to be cleaned every day. Later came the electric eashing machine to replace the old hand operated one. To push and pull the handle of that old washer was often my job. Mother received her first electric iron as pay in place of money for her help in a home when a new baby was born. Pauline Erickson Smith who lives here in Rexburg, was that baby.

Dad had a serious problem with sciatica rheumatism which restricted his working on the farm. As soon as I was big enough, I helped him. The two oldest boys were married in 1911. Dell was away from home working and was also drafted in World War I. I hoed, thinned and weeded beets; helped Dad plant potatoes with a single row planter- Dad driving the team and I rode behind on the planter dropping one seed spud at a time. I hauled hay- loading while Dad pitched the hay to the top of the wagon. (Jeans would have been more comfortable and practical than those dresses I wore.) I herded cows in the bend of the Snake River which runs near our farm. The old early stage coach road was still plain along the river. Many stories could be told of my experiences while herding cows -- Being nearly scared to death by seeing a coyote or worse still to hear one howl. Indians often camped along the river in the open spaces and often frightened us, and the thunder and lightening were terrifying. Yes, I lived through it all and now cherish the memories.

Holidays were not festive at our home. We never had a Christmas tree, or special food. Our gifts were simple-oranges, apples, nuts and candy were always a special treat in our stockings. After the Myth of Santa Claus was over, we were expected to be big kids' and no gifts were received. It was hard to see my friends receiving gifts and me nothing. A date to the Christmas Eve and Christmas night dance never made up for the gift disappointment.

I have both good and bad memories of my grade school days and four years of High School. The long cold walks in winter through snow, mud, and wind, or in Spring when the air was fragrant with the smell of fruit blossoms, alfalfa and sage. How pleasant the sound of the canal water tumbling over the falls near our home,- to hear the frogs croaking in the evening. Always the meadow larks, robins and sparrows to listen to and be thrilled with. Many more childhood memories could be recalled, all relating to those school days. Graduation from Shelley High School in 1922. I enjoyed taking part in school and church plays.

When Grandpa William Henry Bagley died mother received a small inheritance which was used to put me through one year at Ricks College. Here I met and married Ferrel A. Nelson. We have lived our entire married life in Rexburg. We had three children all delivered by their grandfather, Dr. Parley Nelson.

Raising a family was a struggle while Ferrel worked in and later owned a men's clothing store. During these hard times we tried to live on $65 a month. After we opened our store with Vern LilJenquist- half interest, things gradually improved. We sold our interest in the store following the Teton Dam Flood.

I have been active in the community serving as P.T.A., Pres. Civic Club, Pres. of D.U.P., worked with Sybil Smith in the Mental Health Program, and serving on many other special committees. The church has been special to me. I have served as teacher to President in the Ward Primary, M.I.A., and Relief Society Organizations. Served as Counselor to Leona Archilbald in Stake Primary. (She is still serving as a Visiting Teacher in Relief Society.) Relief Society

has been especially dear to me. Our Testimony meetings with all these dear sisters have touched my heart. We have laughed and cried together many times. Sharing our joys and sorrows while giving strength to each other. Driving to General Conference together, our own Stake Conference in the great old tabernacle are cherished memories.

One thing I am very proud of is helping to publish the very lovely poems of Ferrel's mother, after her tragic death in a fire. It is called "Sarah Alstrom Nelson's Poems".

I have been thrilled with the experiences of our children. Seeing them marching in Madison High School Band, win Champion debate tournaments, serve as Class and school presidents, receive degrees in College, serve missions always active in the church, and etc.

What a blessing our children have been. Each married in the Temple to a fine companion. Our family gatherings through the years has been such a joy. Christmas was always special with a christmas tree and a lovely meal always using our best silver ware, crystal and china. No one better to use them on than our loved ones.

We have enjoyed many special trips: Canada, the Northwest, Hawaii, Hill Cumorah Pageants, Black Hills, Alaska, fun trips to the West Coast, and many others. We followed the Mormon Trail to where Grandfather Hanks helped with the rescue of the belated Martin Handcart company when camped out by the Clearwater River. They were snowed in, starving and freezing.

Through the years how I have learned to love the Spiritual Giant, Patriarch Alma B. Larsen, as he gave Patriarchal blessings to my family. How uplifting, comforting and special to hear his sweet voice and feel the touch of his gentle hands on our heads. The blessings of the Lord have been poured out upon our family during illness, and as our sons left on their missions.

We have 13 grandchildren and 21 great grandchildren. What a joy they are. What a thrill to hear their laughter-what a blessing to receive a kiss on the cheek and be told you are love. Old age is made sweet by their love.

I have found that sickness, pain, and suffering can be made special by friends, the priesthood and family. Yes, even the experience of enduring the Teton Dam flood is looked back upon with a heart full of gratitude for all the help and love extended to us. When it hit, I was preparing for a heart bypass. I crawled on my hands and knees to try and sort out my treasures damaged with the mud. I cried and cried again and again to make some headway. I picked up by Dad's mission Bible so wet and mud soaked, and looked at his shaky hand writing on the front page-"E.K.Hanks", hugged it close and said not this' I'll just dry it out and put it in a plastic bag and keep it. someday someone else can throw it away, but not me. Other things were piled high ready to be hauled away, but not Dad's Bible. Memories of the flood are tucked away and seldom thought of. (Teton Dam Flood was June 5, 1976)

I remember how kind my Heavenly Father was through all my trails. I'm grateful for two good legs I have following emergency surgery. The Doctor had told my husband that he might just save one leg but not both of them. How I count my blessings as I take my daily walk about the neighborhood streets in this my 84th year.

I had received a severe burn at the university Medical Hospital a few years previous when I was being prepared for surgery. I had a severe heart attack on the table and they burned me trying to revive me and thus saving my life. I had suffered with bad circulation in my legs since that time, though I had recovered nicely from the heart attack. What pain, what anxiety. It was all behind ne now. It, however, left me with a deep appreciation of the healing power of the priesthood, love of family, friendship and the knowledge that I can "Take it".

Keith was standing beside my bed when I was first coming out of the anesthetic and I was crying and creating a disgusting scene about going to die. He stepped up to my bed, patted my hand and said, "Mother, you're not going to die! Remember you are a tough old hen!" He laughed slightly. I shut up my bawling and deep down inside of me laughed. That tickled me. No amount of sympathy could have helped me more than him telling me I was a tough old hen.

We laugh, we cry, we dream, we love and endure until we wrap our mantle closely around us and lie down to pleasant dreams.
(Written December 1986)

(Note- Chloe has been an inspiration in the putting together this book. She is younger and has more enthusiasm than most of us have. Would that we could all grow old as gracefully and full of life as she has----)



Ferrel Nelson Family: L-R, Joyce, Chloe H, Garth, Ferrel, Keith.



Chloe Hanks Nelson



Garth and Dorathe's family the day Thomas N. Kjar was blessed: Back--Thomas Lyle Kjar and wife Annette N., Ferrel Van Nelson, Debra and Lowell. Front: Dorathe holding Thomas Nelson Kjar, Ferrel and Chloe (grandparents), Garth with Angela dau of Lowell and Debra.